

OUCH

"Mrs. Wombat certainly has the shopping fever highly developed."

"How so?"

"She looks at black dresses every time her husband has the slightest allment." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

FRIENDLY TIP

Hotorist (to chauffeur)—Be careful about running over anybody hereabouts. This is a prohibition county, and most everybody has a bottle in his pocket.—Atlanta Constitution.

EVIDENTLY

"They tell me that prosecuting attorney is very hold in his conduct of cases."

"So they say. He must have the courage of his convictions." — Charleston Courier.

INHERITED

Grandpa—Just hear the baby crow! Papa—What's strange about that? His mother was some chicken!— Puck.

POOR FOR GOLF

An enthusiastic golfer, one of those fellows who can speak on nothing else but golf, was one day taken by a friend to an observatory to have a look through the building.

The golfer's friend, who was a keen astrenomer, got him to look at the moon through the telescope, and then asked him what he thought of the planet. To his amazement, he answered back:

"It's a richt, but it's awfu' fu' o'

bunkers."

A SURE WINNER

"Jonesby had a doctor with him all night."

"Was he very sick?"

"He was toward the last, when the doctor held all the good hands."

WHAT FOR?

Jones-What's the Oh Joy silver mine stock selling for now?

Broker—We just sold the last ten rolls of it for wall paper.

